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In Grandma's Bathroom

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IN GRANDMA'S BATHROOM

Centipedes scurried up the stone wall, squeezing into the cracks. I'd stare into her broken mirror and at the row of empty cologne bottles. Her toilet never stopped running. Grandma would come in and rattle the handle, take the top off the tank, pull the black ball in the back, saying I wasn't supposed to be using the facilities in there anyhow. As if her huge, ancient behind made the pink porcelain seat unfit for my bony young one. One time Grandma sat on the toilet seat and broke it. Another time I came in and saw her, wrinkled and wet, rising up like a genie out of a bottle. There was so much of her, I couldn't stop staring and wondering how it all fit in one tub, on one set of bones. She dried off all that body with one small towel, saying, "Look here, Honey Child, don't you be slipping in here again, hear?"